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Cooking and Sewing

Songs and Recitations

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COOKING AND SEWING
SONGS AND RECITATIONS

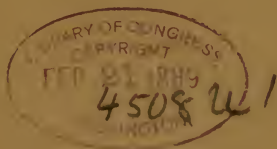
FOR

Industrial and Mission Schools

EDITED BY

MRS. J. B. ROMER

PUBLISHER OF "COOKING LESSON CARDS"



NEW YORK
J. W. SCHERMERHORN & COMPANY
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Ms. A. 10. 15

INTRODUCTION.

THE success which has attended the introduction of cooking into industrial and mission schools has surprised its most enthusiastic and sanguine advocates. A few years ago it would have been thought impossible to teach cooking to a class of fifteen little girls of ten and twelve years of age. But the experiment has been fully tried, and it has been proved that this can be very satisfactorily done. The testimony of teachers and others engaged in this work is that no industry has ever been introduced into these schools that is so popular with pupils, parents, and teachers, and that is so far-reaching in its influence for good. Its influence upon the home is very beneficial.

A little daughter is soon able to cook the simple meals when the mother goes out to work, and, as she learns neatness and economy in the cooking school, she puts her lessons in practice in her home. The mother learns from her child that with her small earnings she may have better food and a more inviting table, and she is generally quite ready to adopt the

new school methods which the little cook so earnestly advocates. Many of the mothers, having been always employed in shops and factories, do not understand the first principles of cooking, and do not know how to prepare properly a simple meal for their families.

The little girl becomes the teacher, and the mother soon begins to cook from the school recipes, and finds to her surprise that cheap articles of food may be made both palatable and nourishing. This knowledge is imparted to other mothers in the same house, and so the influence extends. A child who has been properly trained in a cooking class can do more in a tenement house to improve home living than a missionary visitor.

The object of teaching little girls to cook is not only to make them helpful in their own homes, but also to give them a love and respect for domestic work which will lead them, when older, to take places in families (where they will be welcomed), instead of going into stores as cash-girls or into factories.

To Miss Emily Huntington, the pioneer in Kitchen and Cooking Garden, I am indebted for my inspiration in this work. For many years a manager in the "Home for the Friendless" in this city, I have had the supervision of one of its industrial schools, and have felt the deepest interest in every attempt to

introduce industrial work, and especially in cooking. In my own school we have two cooking classes of fifteen in each, making thirty in all, who are learning to cook plain and economical dishes, such as they can cook in their own homes. The "Lesson Course" consists of twelve lessons, and each class has one lesson a week.

My plan is to have each lesson given twice in succession, so that, if the little cooks should fail at home in their first attempt, they will learn the next week, when the lesson is repeated, the cause of their failure. After the lesson is over, the children set the table and eat the food they have prepared.

One girl is appointed for a month as "room girl," and her duty is to remove from the cooking table soiled dishes, parings of vegetables, etc., and keep the table clear for work. Two are appointed for the same length of time as waitresses, and with little trays in their hands wait upon the table. It is surprising how much one of these little girls can cook after going twice through the "Lesson Course."

In teaching cooking to classes of children, I have found bright and cheerful songs very helpful and inspiring. The children sing them with delight, not only in their classes, but at play and in their homes. These songs have been written specially to be used with my "Cooking Lesson Cards" in Industrial and

Mission Schools, and have been set to familiar and popular airs.

Before commencing a lesson the class should rise and sing an opening song. The song "'Tis Wrong to be Idle" has been written specially for this use. Some of the lessons will keep the cooks very busy, so that there will be no time for singing. In others, while waiting for a dish to be cooked, a song or two can be very profitably used.

In the lesson where hash is to be made, the little hash rhyme while chopping is very popular with the children, each passing the tray and knife promptly to the next pupil at the end of four lines, and keeping time to the music, and so each child can lend a hand at this homely work.

The little cooks enjoy this song, and I have seen the eyes sparkle and the small hands tremble with eagerness as they grasped the tray and took their turn.

These songs have been written not only for use in classes, but also for exhibitions and entertainments. It is often quite difficult to raise money for the outfit for a Cooking Class. A stove, utensils, and dishes are necessary, and often teachers must be paid. Here these songs and recitations will be found of great service.

A class can be started with only the few utensils that two or three of the first lessons call for. After these

two or three lessons, a little entertainment may be given in chapel or mission school-room. Have a class of ten girls dressed in cooking uniform (caps, pretty cooking aprons, with bright holders attached to the right side by long tapes), and let them go through with a programme selected from this little book. A small table, with a few simple dishes cooked by the children, would add considerably to the interest, and prove that you mean practical work. This is called "Silent" cooking. An admission fee or a collection will probably bring in enough to start the work. After two or three months' lessons, an exhibition in "Practice" cooking can be given, selecting the most suitable dishes on the "cards," those that can be cooked quickly, and having the children cook before the audience. I have given several of these exhibitions, and found them exceedingly popular.

There is something to "old housekeepers" very fascinating in seeing these little women going about in their uniform, so self-possessed, doing quietly and successfully what many older people find difficult, and these housekeepers generally linger till the last dish is finished, and the last tin of biscuits taken from the oven. As the different dishes are finished, the children should sing the appropriate verse from the song, "Finished Work," repeating as often as advisable.

In sewing, as well as in cooking schools, lively and appropriate songs are very helpful. I have felt the need of such sewing songs in my own school, and have had these written, feeling that they will be welcomed by other industrial school workers. Work must be made attractive to children. With earnest and enthusiastic teachers, bright and inspiring songs, it can be made attractive. I earnestly hope that this little book of songs may be made very useful in mission work.

A number of these songs are set to college airs, which are very familiar, and can be found in "College Songs," published by O. Ditson & Co., 867 Broadway, who will furnish any of the music required in my book.

MRS. J. B. ROMER.

35 WEST 128th ST., N. Y. CITY.

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I.

OPENING SONG.

COLLEGE AIR—"Fair Harvard."

'TIS wrong to be idle, the time is too short
To spend every moment in play,
When all can be useful and busy as bees,
And here we are learning the way.
We learn how to cook for the loved ones at home,
And promptly their meals to prepare,
And thus to the hearts of our mothers we give
A rest from their burden of care.

When fathers and mothers return from their work,
And supper all ready they find,
What pleasure we feel when they look in our eyes,
And smile their approval so kind.
Our thanks for the lessons that here we are taught,
We mean every word that we say ;
No wonder our faces are cheerful and bright,
And all are so happy to-day.

MISS FANNIE J. CROSBY.

II.

RECITATION.

IF we should sit with folded hands,
When duty's call so much demands,
What use to others would we be ?
Or what enjoyment should we see ?
But here, at our Industrial School,
We all are taught to cook by rule,
And learn how skill and taste combine
To make the plainest dishes fine.
We learn to bake, to roast, and boil,
Rare or well done a steak to broil ;
Delicious omelet we can make,
Light biscuit, muffins, Johnny-cake ;
Bread pudding too at little cost,
And in this way no bread is lost.
We learn to save whate'er we can,
And this we think the wisest plan ;
Our soups we make with greatest care,
And everything that we prepare
Our teacher's cooking art displays,
And if well done receives her praise.
Now friends, if you can truly say
That you have been well pleased to-day,

We ask that you will condescend
Our cooking school to recommend.

MISS FANNIE J. CROSBY.

III.

TOAST SONG.

TUNE—"Billy Boy."

[NOTE.—For two little girls. One should be in cooking uniform, and at the close they should join hands and walk off the stage.]

CAN you make a piece of toast,
Little maid, little maid ?
Can you make a piece of toast,
Little maiden ?
I can make a piece of toast,
Of this art I dare to boast,
If I am but a very little maiden.

Will you tell me how it's done,
Little maid, little maid ?
Will you tell me how it's done,
Little maiden ?
Yes, I'll tell you how it's done,
And I think it's lots of fun,
If I am but a very little maiden.

First I cut a slice of bread,
Thin and smooth, thin and smooth,
First I cut a slice of bread,
Thin and even ;
In the toaster then I place
This small slice with dainty grace,
Though I am but a little girl of seven !
O'er the glowing coals of fire,
This I toast, this I toast,
O'er the glowing coals I now
Turn my toaster ;
Till both sides, the up and down,
Are an even golden brown—
Though I do seem to be a little toaster !
With a little butter spread,
Very neat, very neat,
With a little butter spread
On this neatly,
It will please an epicure,
I am very, very sure,
And he'll smile on the toaster very sweetly.
Tell me where you learned this rule,
Little maid, little maid,
Tell me where you learned this rule,
Little maiden.

Why, my dear, I learned this rule
At our lovely cooking school,
Though you see I'm a very little maiden.

May I learn to do this too,
 Little maid, little maid ?
May I learn to make toast too,
 Little maiden ?

Yes, of course, you can learn too ;
Come with me, why shouldn't you ?
To our school, where they teach each little
 maiden.

F. G. B.



IV.

TRY, TRY AGAIN.

If the fire is not the brightest,
 Try, try again ;
If the bread is not the lightest,
 Try, try again.
Little cooks should never get
Out of patience, in a pet,
Never scowl and never fret—
 Try, try again.

COOKING AND SEWING SONGS.

If there's trouble with the coffee,

Try, try again ;

If the pie-crust is not puffy,

Try, try again.

You may con the cooking book,

And on others daily look,

But 'tis practice makes the cook—

Try, try again.

Soup needs salt, and sauce more flavor,

Try, try again ;

Pies and puddings lacking savor,

Try, try again.

Never be discouraged, dear,

You will conquer, never fear,

If you only persevere—

Try, try again.

Who can learn all in a minute ?

Try, try again ;

Love your work, put courage in it,

Try, try again.

Keep from worry and from haste,

These but tend to loss and waste,

Use your judgment and your taste—

Try, try again.

MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

V.

HASH SONG.

TUNE—"Lightly Row."

CHOPPING meat, chopping meat,
Send the knife through quick and neat ;
Chop it fine, take your time,
Each one on the line.
Have no bones or gristle there,
Add potatoes,—take great care,
Pepper, salt, and butter too—
Now your hash will do.

E. A. B.

VI.

OMELET SONG.

TUNE—"Pop goes the Weasel."

FIRST open out two nice fresh eggs,
Be careful not to spatter ;
Whip up the whites to a stiff foam,
The yolks to a stiff batter.
Add to the yolks a little milk,
About a gill you'd better ;
Then season as you have been taught
With salt and pepper.

Then lastly add the beaten whites,
And stir in very lightly ;
Unless you heed with care this rule,
Your dish may be unsightly !
Have ready in a frying-pan
A good-sized piece of butter,
Put on the stove and wait until
You hear it sputter !

When this shall hiss, you'll know it's hot,
And for the mixture ready ;
So put it in, and do not spill—
Your hand you must keep steady.
Now watch it till the form is set,
Then place in a warm oven ;
Be careful not to let it scorch,
That would look sloven.

This omelet I think should cook
Ten minutes to the letter ;
And when it's done should look like gold,
And taste very much better !
Reverse upon a nice warm plate,
Be sure you do not break it ;
With pleasure to the dining-room
Now you may take it.

VII.

RECITATION.

I'm heartily tired of cooking,
And trying so many to please;
I wish we could breakfast on berries,
And dine on the fruits of the trees.
How nice if we lived like the squirrels,
That gather in autumn their store,
That hide when the snow-flakes are falling,
And sleep till the winter is o'er!

I think of the pretty canaries
That sing in their cages all day,
While I am so constantly busy,
I've scarcely a moment to play.
I'm tired of lighting the fire,
And making the coffee and tea,
Of peeling and washing potatoes—
It never was pleasant for me.

I'm tired of roasting and boiling,
And frying and baking the meat,
Of making the biscuits too heavy,
And making the puddings too sweet.

But what in the world am I saying ?
To murmur like this is a sin !
I guess a new leaf I'll turn over,
And on a new page I'll begin.

I'll try to remember the lessons
I learned at the dear cooking school,
For everything there that they taught me,
They always would give me a rule ;
And if their directions I follow,
My cooking will then be complete,
My biscuits will not be too heavy,
My puddings will not be too sweet.

What ! tired of working for mother,
And helping her burden to light !
I ought to be cheerful and happy,
And do what I know to be right.
And so I'll go back to my cooking,
And do it the best I know how,
With never a word of ill nature,
And never a frown on my brow.

MISS FANNIE J. CROSBY.

VIII.

BREAD-MAKING SONG.

COLLEGE AIR—"Jingle Bells."

[NOTE.—This is intended as an exhibition song, bread-dough to be kneaded, molded, and put in the pans to the music of the chorus. A small table with two bread-boards, four loaves of bread-dough, and four small bread-pans should be placed on the platform. The cooking class, with caps, cooking aprons, and holders attached, should march in to music. Four should take places at the table, and the others in a half-circle behind them. All should sing. In the first chorus, the dough should be kneaded; in the second, molded—each time stopping suddenly as soon as the chorus ends. In the third stanza, third and fourth lines, make kneading motion; in fifth and sixth lines, molding motion, bringing the loaves into a nice shape; in seventh line, pat them a little; and in the eighth line put them altogether quickly in pans at the word "so."]

WE'RE a class of cooking girls,
Learning to make bread ;
We'll follow all the rules,
And do as teacher said.
Merrily our voices ring,
Making spirits gay ;
What fun it is to work and sing
A cooking song to-day !

CHORUS—Kneading bread, kneading bread,
 Knead with all your might ;
Oh, what fun it is to knead
 The dough so soft and white !
Kneading bread, kneading bread,
 Knead with all your might ;
Oh, how nice it is to have
 The bread exactly right !

At night we'll set the sponge,
 Take water, salt, and flour,
And stir in with them yeast—
 Be sure it is not sour.
Then mix and knead it well,
 And when you've got it right,
Then place it near the fire,
 So that it may grow light.

CHORUS—Molding bread, molding bread,
 Mold with all your might ;
Oh, what fun it is to mold
 The dough so soft and white !
Molding bread, molding bread,
 Mold with all your might ;
Oh, how nice it is to have
 The bread exactly right !

We'll rise at break of day,
 When sponge has grown quite light,
 And knead, and knead it well,
 Until we have it right.
 Next, mold when raised again,
 In the pan it then must go,
 One parting touch we add,
 At last we leave it—so !

CHORUS—Molding bread, etc.

IRVING J. ROMER.

[The last chorus is to be sung without motion; and at the close, at the sound of a chord on the piano, each girl at the same instant reaches forward and takes her pan of bread with both hands, and at a second chord all face and march off the stage.]



IX.

WHAT SHALL WE SING TO YOU ?

TUNE—"Little Buttercup."

WHAT shall we sing to you ?
 What shall we bring to you ?
 So many good things we make ;
 You'll gaze with surprise
 At our puddings and pies,
 And long for a piece of our cake.

We say without boasting,
In broiling or roasting,
Our beef is just done to a turn—
Inside like a cherry,
Outside like a berry ;
And thus we are trying to learn.

Potatoes delicious,
So nice and nutritious,
We serve in a number of ways ;
We boil them, we bake them,
We mash them, and make them
So tempting, they well merit praise.

And soups that are dainty
We'll give you in plenty,
And bread that is wholesome and sweet,
And delicate dishes
Of fowl and of fishes,
And everything pleasant to eat.

Thus while we are learning,
Our thoughts we are turning
To ways that are useful and good,
With hearts warm and cheery,
We will not grow weary,
But learn all the things that we should.

MRS. JULIA M. DANA.

X.

RECITATION.

HERE stands the breakfast table yet,
And mother sick in bed !
She cannot do a single thing,
Nor hardly raise her head !

And I, her only little girl,
Must try her help to be ;
There's not a soul to take a step,
Or lift a hand but me.

I really wish I had not gone
With Minnie Lee to play ;
The dinner must be prompt at twelve,
Or what will father say ?

I have a hungry lot to feed ;
My task, I own, is new :
I'm glad I go to cooking school
And learn just what to do.

I'll put the paper in the stove,
Some wood and coal I'll bring,
Then strike a match, and such a fire !
'Twill make the kettle sing.

I'll shut the door of mother's room,
And while she's fast asleep,
The dishes I will wash and wipe,
Then make the beds and sweep.

That's done ! what next ? 'tis ten o'clock,
The moments quickly fly ;
I guess I'll to the market run
And get some fish to fry.

We do not like potatoes boiled,
I'll put them in to bake,
And for a change—well, let me see !
Some biscuit I will bake.

The table's set ; how nice it looks,
With cloth so clean and white !
The clock strikes twelve, the dinner's done,
And everything is right.

The boys are coming up the stairs !
And father's at the door !
I never saw them look so pleased
In all my life before.

Dear mother's sleep has done her good,
She says, and this is so—
The cooking school I love so well
Has taught me all I know.

MISS FANNIE J. CROSBY.

XI.

FISH SONG.

COLLEGE AIR—"Vive l'Amour."

SOLO AND CHORUS.

[NOTE.—Class also sing second and fourth lines.]

A BRIGHT little maiden that looks just like me,
What do you think of that ?
Said, "I can be useful, as you shall now see,"
What do you think of that ?

CHORUS—There's skill in wee bodies as well as in tall,
The best goods are often in packages small,
And we can be helpful to one and to all,
What do you think of that ?

She went to the kitchen and washed her small hands,
What do you think of that ?
She did not tell any one what were her plans,
What do you think of that ?

CHORUS.

She put on an apron and turned her sleeves back,
What do you think of that ?
And those who were watching could see she had knack,
What do you think of that ?

CHORUS.

She went to the cupboard and brought out a dish,
What do you think of that ?

She went to the ice-box and took out a fish,
What do you think of that ?

CHORUS.

She cleaned the fish, washed it, and dried with a cloth,
What do you think of that ?

To do this all carefully she was not loath,
What do you think of that ?

CHORUS.

The fish on the plate from the cupboard she lay,
What do you think of that ?

She rubbed it with salt and with pepper, now say,
What do you think of that ?

CHORUS.

She sprinkled with flour both outside and in,
What do you think of that ?

She said, " Now it's ready, to fry I'll begin !"
What do you think of that ?

CHORUS.

A large frying-pan on the stove she had set,
What do you think of that ?

And in it some hot fat was sputtering yet,
What do you think of that ?

CHORUS.

That fish from the frying-pan didn't jump out,
 What do you think of that ?

For while it was cooking she turned it about,
 What do you think of that ?

CHORUS.

Then on a warm platter all garnished with green,
 What do you think of that ?

That fish nicely trimmed was a sight to be seen,
 What do you think of that ?

CHORUS.

And when to the table this maid the dish brought,
 What do you think of that ?

The folks said, "We know at what school you were
 taught,"

What do you think of that ?

CHORUS.

F. G. B.



XII.

OH, DEAR ! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE ?

SOLO AND CHORUS.

OH, dear ! what can the matter be ?

Dear ! dear ! what can the matter be ?

Oh, dear ! what can the matter be ?

What in the world shall I do ?

The morning is wasted, my cooking neglected,
 The kindly advice of my teachers rejected ;
 I would not have done it if I had reflected.

Oh, what in the world shall I do ?

CHORUS—Oh, dear ! what can the matter be ?

Dear ! dear ! what can the matter be ?

Oh, dear ! what can the matter be ?

What in the world *shall she do ?*

I'm vexed with myself and so terribly flurried,
 My dinner is late and my mother is worried,
 I played with my doll when I ought to have hurried.

Oh, what in the world shall I do ?

CHORUS.

No lessons like this in my school I've been learning,
 And now to my duty with patience returning,
 The meat shall be roasted, the bread nicely toasted,
 And that is just what I shall do.

CHORUS.

Now, girls, let me warn you that time never lingers ;
 You think he is there, but he slips through your
 fingers :

So now to your cooking be carefully looking,

Or what in the world will you do ?

CHORUS.

MISS FANNIE J. CROSBY.

XIII.

BREAD-MAKING SONG.

AN EXHIBITION SONG WITH MOTIONS—FOR A CLASS
OF TEN GIRLS IN COOKING UNIFORM.

COLLEGE AIR—"Upidee."

THE shades of night were gathering fast,
There's bread to make, bread to make,
When to a tidy kitchen passed,
There's good light bread to make,
A little girl with flour and yeast,
Who worked and sang, and never ceased.

CHORUS—¹ "I'll set my sponge, my sponge to-night,
My sponge to-night, my sponge to-night;
I'll set my sponge to-night, to-night,
My good bread sponge to-night."

Potato, water, flour, and salt,
Set the sponge, oh, set the sponge!
Good yeast with which you'll find no fault,
Set a light bread sponge.
I'll ² stir it round, and never tire,
Then ³ let it rise, beside the fire.

¹ Let the class bending slightly forward make stirring motion.

² Stirring motion.

³ Raise both hands slowly.

CHORUS—"Not too hot, and not too cold,
 Not too hot, not too cold,
 I ' cover it up, you must be told,
 And that's my rule for bread."

At break of day when sponge is light,
 ° Knead the bread, oh, knead the bread !
 More flour I'll add, and knead with might,
 Knead, oh, knead the bread !
 Then let it stand till raised again,
 Mold, put in pans, and bake amain.

CHORUS—° " Knead the bread, oh, knead the bread,
 Knead the bread, knead the bread !
 Knead, oh knead, oh knead the bread,
 The sweet and fine light bread !

M. B. M.

° Make covering motion with both hands, bending body slightly forward.

° Kneading motion.

° Kneading motion.

XIV.

MARKETING SONG.

TUNE—"John Brown's Body."

[NOTE.—Class of girls with little empty market baskets. While singing the chorus, march around the stage.]

WE'RE a happy band of lassies,
 Though there's work for us to do,
 We're on our way to market,
 With some purchasing in view ;
 We will get some meat for dinner,
 And some oysters for a stew :
 For this is market day.

CHORUS—Gayly, gayly, we are going
 To pay all the bills we're owing,
 Nods and smiles on friends bestowing :
 For this is market day.

We will step up to the butcher
 In a very courteous way,
 And ask him, "Sir, what kind of meat
 Have you to show to-day ?"
 We'll then select our roasting piece,
 And for it promptly pay :
 For this is market day.

CHORUS.

We must always watch the butcher
As he chops and trims our meat,
And if the bones he'd throw away,
Such wastefulness defeat ;
They make the very best of soup,
With marrow all replete :
And this is market day.

CHORUS.

Next we'll call upon the grocer
And examine all his store ;
We must secure the freshest,
Though 'twill cost a little more—
But stale fruit is quite unwholesome,
And stale vegetables abhor !
For this is market day.

CHORUS.

Then we'll stop before the fish stand,
And the price of oysters learn ;
If these have long been opened,
Why, such oysters we must spurn !
We'll buy them in the shell, and watch
Each opened in its turn :
For this is market day.

CHORUS.

When our food has been selected,
After very careful quest,
We'll take it home, or have it sent,
Whichever may seem best ;
Then we'll go to work and cook it,
So its quality to test :
For this is market day.

CHORUS.

F. G. B.



XV.

THE WORK OF THE WEEK.

A RECITATION IN CONCERT—FOR SIX OR EIGHT GIRLS.

We are young housekeepers and busy as bees,
From Monday to Saturday—our feet and our knees,
Our hands and our eyes—all our senses, in fact,
Are working in earnest, and not without tact.

We've heard of blue Monday, but not one blue day
Is found in our calendar. Though we like play,
We also like work, for we girls would not be
A mere good-for-nothing, as some folks you see.

On Monday we wash the small pieces, you know,
Like towels and handkerchiefs, napkins, and oh !
A number of things that we now cannot tell,
But what they all are our dear mothers know well.

And when Tuesday comes, then we all do our share
Of ironing—and we do it with care ;
Not trying to see who can soonest get through,
But trying to see who the best work can do.

Then Wednesday comes 'round, and we say, How-de-do !
Fair Wednesday, though we've no washing for you,
We've plenty of tasks for your fast fleeing hours ;
So give us your blessing, and you shall have ours.

We hold a reception each Wednesday—and where ?
In our tidy kitchens ! Now laugh if you dare !
They're just the right places for such things we say,
With the fresh-baked goodies all set in array.

You should hear those fathers and brothers of ours
Say the sweet kitchen odors beat all the flowers !
While near our nice bakings so fondly they lurk,
On Wednesday we scarcely can drive them to work.

On Thursday we patch and we darn and we sew,
We're generally busy in some way, you know ;
And on Friday we sweep and dust every room,
For small girls we know how to handle a broom.

We all go to market when Saturday comes,
 And many good things we bring back to our homes ;
 Then we cook, and we bake, and clean up once more,
 Before the sweet Sabbath peeps in at the door.

For when Sunday comes we must then put aside
 The cares of the household—and all cares beside ;
 And go to God's house, and our dear Sabbath school,
 To learn how to serve him by love's golden rule.

MRS. F. G. BURROUGHS.



XVI.

FINISHED WORK.

TUNE—"The Campbells are Coming" (first four lines).

[NOTE.—These verses are to be sung in the class or at exhibitions when the dishes are finished.]

OUR omelets are finished, ha ha ! ha ha !
 Our omelets are finished, tra la ! tra la !
 And if you should try them, you all would say
 The best you have tasted for many a day.

Our biscuits are finished, ha ha ! ha ha !
 They're light as a feather, tra la ! tra la !
 We'll carry them home to our friends so dear,
 And eat them for supper with merry good cheer.

Our stew is now finished, ha ha ! ha ha !
 Oh ! look at its dumplings, tra la ! tra la !
 Our parents, our brothers and sisters too,
 We know will be proud of our excellent stew.

Our lesson is finished, ha ha ! ha ha !
 And home we are going, tra la ! tra la !
 To cook as you've taught us we all will try,
 And now, dear teachers, good-by, good-by.

MISS FANNIE J. CROSBY.



XVII.

WHAT I SHALL BE.

TUNE—"All Among the Barley."

SOLO AND CHORUS.

I'M only a wee lassie,
 But I can think and feel ;
 And though this world has sorrows,
 We all may share its weal,
 By being true and honest,
 And doing what we can,
 To make the best of everything,
 And lend a helping hand.

My home is with the lowly,
My parents dear are poor ;
But I need not be unhappy,
Nor scorn the rich, I'm sure !

CHORUS—Every little maiden
In this school may learn
To be a skillful housemaid,
And honest wages earn.

When I am grown, I'll tell you
Just what I mean to be,
A neat and cheerful housemaid,—
No shop-girl's life for me !
Oh, who would be so foolish
About a store to roam,
When she might be a lady's maid,
And have a lovely home ?
I would not be a cash girl,
And never hear my name ;
But be called just by a number,
And count about the same !

CHORUS.

I'm only a wee lassie,
But I will learn each rule,
And heed the lessons taught me
In our Industrial School.

To be the best of housemaids,
 And keep things bright, you know,
 Is the reason I am learning
 To sweep, and cook, and sew.
 The Son of God, our Saviour,
 A servant chose to be,
 And to live like Christ the holy,
 Must be the aim for me.

CHORUS.

F. G. B.



XVIII.

INVITATION TO THE SEWING SCHOOL.

TUNE—"Mountain Maid's Invitation."

COME, come, come,
 Now for work, no more play,
 Happy maidens do not stay,
 Trip away, light and gay,
 To our sewing school.
 Wash our faces, comb our hair,
 Tidy aprons we must wear,
 Trip away, light and gay,
 To our sewing school.

CHORUS—Tra la la la, tra la la,
Tra la la la, tra la la,
Trip away, light and gay,
To our sewing school.

Come, come, come,
Teachers kind, we shall find,
Their instruction if we mind,
We'll obey what they say
In our sewing school.
Oh ! how much they like to see
Hands as clean as they can be,
Faces bright, their delight,
In our sewing school.

CHORUS—Tra la la, etc.

Come, come, come,
Stitches fine we must take,
Very nice our work to make,
Let us try, you and I,
In our sewing school.
Though the merry golden hours
Come and go like summer flowers,
Work away, while they stay,
In our sewing school.

CHORUS—Tra la la, etc.

MISS FANNIE J. CROSBY.

XIX.

THE SEWING HOUR.

TUNE—"Cheer, Boys, Cheer."

COME, girls, come, this is the hour for sewing,
Our books and toys must now be put away,
Each to her task should willingly be going,
Ready her teachers promptly to obey ;
Clean pinafores tying very neatly
About our waists before we go to work,
Hands must be clean, or we will soil the muslin,
So all now get ready, and none their duty shirk.

CHORUS—Come, girls, come, etc. (Repeat first four lines.)

All our tools must be in good condition,
Nicely arranged within each work-box small,
Needles and thread and thimbles in position,
Scissors and bodkin, emery cushion—all.
No one should use her teeth instead of scissors,
Nor use a needle with its point broke off,
No one should scowl because her cotton tangles,
We all must be cheerful and never in a huff.

CHORUS.

Let us try our teachers dear to gladden,
Heeding their words and minding every rule ;
For, if we're cross, their patient hearts we sadden,
And thus we lose the blessings of our school.
Eager to learn will be the way to conquer,
Though dull at first, we'll try and try again ;
Teacher has said that "practice will make perfect,"
Let us be willing perfection to attain.

CHORUS.

F. G. B.



XX.

MERRY LITTLE MAIDENS.

TUNE—"Sing a Song o' Sixpence."

MERRY little maidens learning how to sew,
Shiny little needles flying to and fro ;
When the sewing's over, all begin to sing,
Gayly through our pleasant rooms, how their voices
ring !

The teachers sat before them, and told them what to
do,
And how to push the needle in, and how to pull it
through ;

The maidens stuck their fingers, and dyed the cotton
red,

They snapped the shiny needles, and tangled up the
thread.

But soon the little maidens will learn to help their
mothers,

And learn to sew the buttons on, to please their little
brothers,

And then they will be useful, as maidens ought to be,
As useful and as happy as "the little busy bee."

Merry little maidens learning how to sew,
Shiny little needles flying to and fro ;
When the sewing's over, all begin to sing,
Gayly through our pleasant rooms, how their voices
ring !

REV. C. I. JUNKIN.



XXI.

OUR CLASS-BELL NOW IS RINGING.

TUNE—"Dearest May."

OUR class-bell now is ringing,
And oh, how glad are we !
It calls us to the school-room
With footsteps light and free ;

Our hearts with joy are bounding,
The reason you shall know,—
This little group of merry girls
Is learning how to sew.

CHORUS—Learning how to sew,
Learning how to sew ;
This little group of merry girls
Is learning how to sew.

Now put aside our playthings,
And lay our dolls away,
And give our close attention
To what our teachers say ;
Our hemming must be even,
Our stitches small and neat,
Our gathers must be laid with care,
Our overhand complete.

CHORUS.

The work that we are learning,
If we our best will do,
Will make us very useful,
And very happy, too.
And when we all are women,
'Twill be our pride, we know,
To thank our faithful teachers
Who taught us how to sew.

CHORUS.

MISS FANNIE J. CROSBY.

XXII.

BUSY BODIES.

COLLEGE AIR—"Oh, my darling Clementine !"

SOLO AND CHORUS.

[NOTE.—When used as an exhibition piece, ten little girls should be sitting down, each doing her particular kind of sewing, and the one who sings the solo should point out each one as she describes the work, and all join in chorus.]

LITTLE Marys, little Marthas,
 Little Kates and little Janes,
 Now are sewing, neatly sewing,
 Every one is taking pains.

Little hands are clean and tidy,
 Rosy faces, bright and sweet ;
 And each task these little maidens
 Now begin they will complete.

CHORUS—Little Marys, little Marthas. (Repeat first
 four lines.)

Mary Brown is overhanding,
 Martha Green is hemming fine,
 Katie Gray is overcasting,
 How their busy needles shine !

CHORUS.

Jennie Smith and Mattie Johnson,
Both are making button-holes ;
And that wee maid in the corner
She is cov'ring wooden molds.

CHORUS.

Mamie Jones is darning stockings,
Jane is doing feather-stitch—
Watch her hands, 'tis so amusing,
As she gives that little twitch !

CHORUS.

There's a little maid that's felling,
Here's one doing herring-bone,
There's another making chain-stitch ;
They are busy every one.

CHORUS.

F. G. B.

XXIII.

LEARNING TO SEW.

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

SAY, can you overhand a seam,
A felling neatly turn,
And fold by very thread a hem ?
All these things you must learn.

CHORUS—All these things you must learn, my dear,
All these things you must learn ;
To overhand, and fell, and hem,
All these things you must learn.

And how to gather, stitch, and run,
And plaitings neatly sew ;
And how to put the trimmings on,
All these things you must know.

CHORUS—All these things you must know, my dear,
All these things you must know ;
To gather, run, and stitch and plait,
All these things you must know.

And then the button-holes to make,
And sew the buttons on ;
To make them fit, pains you must take,
And then the garment's done.

CHORUS—And then your garment's done, my dear,
And then the garment's done,
All new and neat, and fit for wear,
And then the garment's done.

But you will not a seamstress be,
As perfect as you ought,
Till you can patch and darn, you see,
So these you must be taught.

CHORUS—So these you must be taught, my dear,
So these you must be taught ;
To mend your clothes as well as make,
So these you must be taught.

And now one word of counsel more,
'Twill be like magic spell ;
“ Whatever is worth doing, sure,
Is worth the doing well.”

CHORUS—Is worth the doing well, my dear,
Is worth the doing well ;
“ Whatever is worth doing, sure,
Is worth the doing well.”

Industrious and patient be,
Take pains with all you do ;
Plenty of business you will see
Ere long awaiting you.

CHORUS—Ere long awaiting you, my dear,
Ere long awaiting you ;
Plenty of business, here and there,
Ere long awaiting you.

MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

XXIV.

“OH! WE ARE HAPPY GIRLS.”

COLLEGE AIR—“Jingle Bells.”

Oh ! we are happy girls,
 Without a thought of care,
 And to our sewing-school we come,
 With step as light as air.
 We clap our hands for joy,
 And sing along our way,
 We hurry on with merry feet,
 But never stop to play.

CHORUS—Sewing girls, sewing girls,
 Sewing every day,
 While the moments one by one
 Like arrows fly away.
 Sewing girls, sewing girls,
 Sewing every day ;
 'Tis here we learn that useful work
 Is better far than play.

Oh ! we are happy girls,
 That dearly love to sew ;
 To ladies' houses by and by,
 With smiling face we'll go.

Their dresses we will make,
 Their cloaks and bonnets too ;
 And teachers, we will not forget
 How much we owe to you.

CHORUS.

Oh ! we are happy girls,
 Our homes we mean to cheer,
 We'll help our father when he's old,
 And comfort mother dear.
 And when they cannot work,
 We'll sew from morn till night,
 To buy them everything they need
 And keep their spirits light.

CHORUS.

MISS FANNIE J. CROSBY.



XXV.

IF A BODY WANTS A PICTURE.

TUNE—"Comin' Thro' the Rye."

SOLO AND CHORUS.

If a body wants a picture,
 Bright as it can be,
 Come and look at us a moment !
 Sewing now are we.

CHORUS—Every lassie has her needle,
Thread and thimble too,
While our kind and patient teachers
Tell us what to do.

Some are stitching, some are hemming,
Others learn to fell ;
One is smoothing out her gathers—
Don't she do it well ?

CHORUS.

If a body wants an apron,
Stitches very fine,
We can make it to your liking,
If your heart incline.

CHORUS.

If a body wants a garment,
Only let us know ;
You will see how very neatly
We are taught to sew.

CHORUS.

If a body wants to help us
Any way at all,
We'll be very glad to see you,
If you'll please to call.

CHORUS.

MISS FANNIE J. CROSBY.

XXVI.

IN AND OVER.

TUNE—"Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley."

IN and over—out and in—
So our daily tasks begin,
As we sit with bended head,
Drawing out the knotted thread,
Watching how our needles gleam,
While we run the narrow seam,
Baste and stitch, and hem and fell,
Trying still to do it well.

Up and over—in and out—
So we turn our work about,
Ripping when we do it wrong,
Making merry with a song,
Never getting in a fret,
If we pucker it, or let
Tangles come as tangles will,
Spite of all our care and skill.

Sewing briskly, singing, too,
As we push our needles through,
Sure we're learning every day
Something useful in its way ;

So that, when we grow to be
Little women, we will see
'Twas the very wisest thing
Thus to learn to sew and sing.

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.



XXVII.

OUR DRESSES.

RECITATION FOR A DRESSMAKING CLASS.

OUR pleasant school is a dear retreat,
Where pleasure folds her wing,
We learn to sweep and dust our rooms,
And many a song to sing ;
But here we come with our dresses on,
Whose seams our hands have sewn,
Dresses quite new, and so pretty too,
The work is all our own.

We learn to rise with the golden sun,
And open our windows high,
To the dewy breath of the fragrant air,
And the light of the morning sky ;

But here we come with our dresses on,
Oh ! yes, we are all arrayed
In dresses of prints, so tasteful their tints,
That we ourselves have made.

We learn how to cook and to make our beds,
And as glad as birds are we,
For we work away with the passing day,
And our hearts are full of glee.
But here we come with our dresses on,
That our hands have made complete,
And what think you of our dresses new,
And our hair so plain and neat.

MISS FANNIE J. CROSBY.

XXVIII.

WHICH IS BEST ?

COLLEGE AIR—"Bring back my Bonnie."

[NOTE.—Leaving out the chorus, this makes a pretty and very effective recitation.]

If only our frocks and our aprons
Would grow like the leaves on the trees,
And out we could rush in the morning,
To gather and pick as we please.

CHORUS— Yes ! yes ! yes ! yes !
 How easy and nice it would be, would be !
 Yes ! yes ! yes ! yes !
 How easy and nice it would be !

How nice it would be, and how easy !
 We never should have a misfit ;
 No matter how much we might tear them,
 We never need sew up a slit.

CHORUS.
 No tiresome mending or darning,
 No use for a needle or thread ;
 No grief for a hole in the stocking,
 No scoldings from mother to dread.

CHORUS.
 And if there was never a lesson,
 No writing nor spelling of words,
 And nothing to do but be idle,
 And chatter and sing like the birds.

CHORUS.
 How useless and tired and lazy,
 And mischievous, too, we would grow !
 No, no ! 'Tis a thousand times better
 To read and to spell and to sew.

CHORUS— Yes ! yes ! yes ! yes !
 It's better to read and to spell and sew,
 Yes ! yes ! yes ! yes !
 It's better to spell and to sew.

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

XXIX.

DRESSING DOLLIES.

RECITATION.

[NOTE.—By very little girls.]

We are only little children,
But our work we like to show ;
While we learn to dress our dollies,
Look how fast our fingers go.

We are only little children,
But we all must do the right ;
And remember that we always
Keep our fingers clean and white.

Now we stop to thread our needles,
But our thread we must not waste ;
Take our stitches close together,
Very slowly, not in haste.

Stand up, dollies, don't be naughty !
We must fit you every one ;
You shall go with us a-walking,
When you get your dresses done.

XXX.

SEW WE ALL.

TUNE—"I wish I was in Boston City."

NINE little girls of New York City,
Sat in a row and sang this ditty,
And everybody said the song was pretty—
Though they learned it at a sewing school :

CHORUS—Sew, sew, sew we all,
Hemming, running—our stitches very small,
The first time we tried, we did not do it well,
But now we have learned to stitch and fell.

Nine little girls with happy faces,
At the tap of the bell they take their places,
Then away speed the needles as though running races,
While they sing this song at the sewing school.

CHORUS.

Nine little girls have new gingham dresses,
That look so sweet with their flowing tresses.
But who made their frocks ? let us hear your guesses,
As they sing this song at the sewing school.

CHORUS.

Nine little girls of New York City,
 With laughing eyes now sing this ditty,
 "The girls that can't sew are the ones we pity,
 When they all may learn at our sewing school."

CHORUS.

F. G. B.



XXXI.

THE HELPFUL MAIDEN.

TUNE—"Prithee, Pretty Maiden" (*Patience*).

[NOTE.—An exhibition piece for two little girls. One should have on a torn dress, which the other should sew up while singing.]

PRITHEE, little maiden; prithee, tell me true,
 Why are you doleful, pretty little maiden?
 Won't you tell what sorrow has befallen you?

Pretty maiden, do!

Let me help you bear it,

It's easier to share it,

Pretty maiden, do.

Yes, my little friend, my trouble I'll tell you,
 Why I'm so doleful on this cheerful morning,
 But you cannot help, for you are little, too.

Oh, what shall I do ?
I want to go a-walking,
But there's no use talking,
Oh, what can I do ?

Come, my little maiden, you must surely know,
That I have been learning how to cook and sew ;
They teach us at the school where now I always go.

Yes, indeed, they do ;
Now, if you'll believe me,
No, I'll not deceive thee,
I can help you true.

Well, my little friend, you see my dress is torn,
Isn't that a reason why I thus should mourn ?
Don't you think you'd feel precisely as forlorn

If now it was you ?
I've nobody to mend it,
Nowhere I can send it ;
And what can I do ?

Now, my little maiden, brush away that frown,
'Twill take but just a minute to fix your little gown,
Soon you will be ready to go anywhere in town,

On this day so bright.
Needle, thread, and thimble,
Little fingers nimble,
Soon will make it right.

Oh, my little friend, how thankful I shall be,
If only you will take these stitches few for me !
Then I'll join the others with a heart so light and
free.

Oh, I'll thank you true !
Then to school to-morrow,
Free from care and sorrow,
May I go with you ?

Yes, my little maiden, you may go with me,
Hand in hand we'll learn to very useful be ;
The lessons that are taught so very carefully,
Make our work but play.
Home we'll help our mothers,
Lend a hand to others,
All the livelong day.

MISS JESSIE L. McDERMUT.



XXXII.

RECITATION.

WE'RE a class of little workers,
Learning just the nicest things,
And we feel the satisfaction
That the sense of knowledge brings.

COOKING AND SEWING SONGS.

Though our efforts may be feeble,
Our success we know is sure,
Yet every day we're adding
New lessons to our store.

The busy world is needing
Faithful workers, brave and true,
Strong, willing hands to labor,
And loving service too.
Our work to make it better
Will show in years to come,
When we help to lift the burdens
Of weary ones at home.

And so with hearts o'erflowing
With gratitude and praise,
We bless the friends who lead us
Along these happy ways.
And gladly will we follow,
Ever striving for the right,
Out from ignorance and darkness
Into knowledge and the light.

MRS. JULIA M. DANA.

XXXIII.

GOOD-BY.

COLLEGE AIR—"Michael Roy."

THE time for closing has now arrived,
 When we again must part ;
 For your attention and kindly words
 We thank you from each heart.
 We hope you have enjoyed this hour
 So much you will come again ;
 And we will do all in our power
 To pleasantly entertain.

CHORUS—Good-by, good-by !

The best of friends must part ;
 We hope you will never forget our school,
 And ever respect our art.

You've heard our songs to these merry tunes,
 Of how we sew and cook ;
 But if you'll only come in some day,
 And on our efforts look,
 And see the things we are sewing,
 Or taste of our dishes fine,
 We will take great pleasure in showing
 You anything in our line.

CHORUS.

We've told you all we are taught to do,
 In rhyme of gleeful ring,
 While maybe it has seemed to you
 We can't do half we sing !
 But ah ! dear friends, we are learning—
 Then give heed to what we say ;
 And when for a housemaid you're yearning,
 You'd better just look this way.

CHORUS.

F. G. B.

XXXIV.

CARPENTER SONG.

COLLEGE AIR—"Co-ca-che-lunk."

WE are the boys that learn to be useful,
 We are a band of carpenters all ;
 When we grow up we mean to build houses,
 Build them so strong they never will fall.

CHORUS—Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-la-ly,
 Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-lay,
 Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-la-ly,
 Hi ! O-chick-a-che-lunk-che-lay.

We are the boys that learn to be useful,
Give us a call and see what we do;
When we grow up, if you will employ us,
We shall be glad to labor for you.

CHORUS.

We are the boys that learn to be useful,
Carpenter boys, that work every day,
All of our lives we mean to be honest—
Where there's a will there's always a way.

CHORUS.

MISS FANNIE J. CROSBY.

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